

THE WAR CRY



WILLIAM BOOTH,
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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The Just Judgments of God

By BRIGADIER JOHN MERRETT

I Kings, xi, 1 But Solomon loved many strange women (together with the daughter of Pharaoh)
V. 2 Solomon clave unto these in love.
V. 3 And it came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned his heart away after other gods.
V. 9 And the Lord was angry with Solomon.
V. 11 Wherefore the Lord said unto Solomon, forasmuch as this is done of thee, - - - I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and give it unto thy servant.
V. 12 - - - in thy days I will not do it. - - - but I will rend it out of the hand of thy son.

I Kings, xi, 26 And Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, Solomon's servant, - - - lifted up his hand against the king.
V. 27 And this was the cause - - - - -
V. 29 - - - - - Ahijah the Shilonite met him in the way. - - -

V. 30- Ahijah caught his new garment, and rent it in twelve pieces.
V. 31 And said unto Jeroboam, Take ten pieces, - - - - -
V. 35 Because I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give unto thee even ten tribes.
V. 37 And I will take thee, and thou shalt reign according to all thy soul desireth, and shalt be king over Israel.
V. 38 And if thou wilt hearken unto all that I command thee - - - I will be with thee, and build thee a sure house, and will give Israel unto thee.

I Kings, xii, 20 And it came to pass when all Israel heard that Jeroboam was come again, that they sent and called him unto the congregation, and made him king over all Israel; there was none that followed the house of David, but the tribe of Judah only.
V. 25 And Jeroboam said in his heart, Now shall the kingdom return unto the house of David,
V. 26 If this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, - - -
V. 28 Whereupon the king took counsel, and made two calves of gold - - - - and said unto them, Behold your Gods, O Israel.
V. 30 And this thing became a sin, for the people went to worship before the one at Dan.

"In Ramah was there a voice heard; lamentations, and weeping and great mourning: Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." Whether in palace or humble home, no more pathetic sound is heard than the agonizing cry of a mother weeping over the death of her offspring. Sorrows beyond human consolation! One of life's greatest tragedies!

Our frontispiece this week illustrates just such a tragic event in the home of one of Israel's earliest and most wicked kings. Ahijah, the son of Jeroboam, had been stricken down with a very serious illness, and the king had persuaded his wife to disguise herself and go to Shiloh to consult Ahijah the prophet regarding the outcome of this illness.

Instead of receiving the desired comfort and assurance of recovery the prophet warned her of the impending destruction of Jeroboam's house, and told her to go back home at once, as her child would die as soon as her feet entered the city from whence she had come.

Our artist has strikingly portrayed the fateful moment of that heartrending event. Who can describe the pangs of grief and anguish, or answer the questions of the queen's mother heart? "Why? Oh Why? Oh Why?" Can no one answer these heart cries?

"Why was my child taken from me?"

It may be necessary to look back a long way to find an answer. Possibly Solomon could explain the reason, or in his conduct we might find the cause.

If he had been true to his God, and not played the fool, the kingdom would never have been divided, and Jeroboam could not have been appointed as king over Israel.

Surely Solomon's sin was primarily responsible for the death of the lad! Or Jeroboam himself? Can he escape



"Go, tell Jeroboam—'Thus saith the Lord God --- - - - !'" (I. Kings XIV. 7.)

(Continued on page 2)

I Will Try

To be neat.
To do honest work.
To control my temper.
To be master of myself.
To be slow to take offence.
To not even shade the truth.
To be punctual in all things.
To read and love good books.
To read my Bible and pray daily.
To never spend more than I earn.
To do right—though the heavens fall.
To neither overrate nor underrate myself.
To be cheerful, and make others happy also.
To "fear God, and serve Him."

THE ATHEIST'S FUNERAL

We have recently heard the following tale, told by a minister with whom we have some acquaintance, of a happening in an Old Country cemetery. It is not one of those tales which would suit secularist or rationalist speakers, but one can take it for what it is worth.

The superintendent said to him: "I expect I've done wrong. Here is a death certificate which has written on it, 'Religious service of no kind.' The funeral was an hour ago. A dozen secularist friends came."

"After the widow had gone they stood by the grave and said, 'That's not all?' I said, 'It is.' They said, 'We can't leave him like this. Isn't there somebody who can put up a bit of a prayer to Jesus Christ?'

"I was astonished, I looked round for someone, but could only find an old gravedigger who said he was a friend of Jesus Christ. He came and stood by the grave and said a prayer.

"The atheists, some with tears, thanked him and said, 'Thank God,' and went away."

I haven't the slightest doubt that some secularists will angrily dispute such a story. Their own depressing Press is always busy with denials. Yet we know such things do happen every day.

OPEN NOT YOUR DOOR WHEN THE DEVIL KNOCKS

That the devil will knock, loudly, and often, we've no shadow of a doubt, but that's no reason why you should open the door and say, "Good morning, sir." The devil outside is trouble enough, but if the arch-foe gains an entry to the inside of Mansoul, and is accorded a welcome there, darkness and the shadow of death will soon be familiar friends.

As you value the honor of Him who gave Himself for you, as you value your own honor and the honor and welfare of your fellow-disciples, keep the Satanic visitor ever on the knock. As you value your soul's eternal welfare, open not. Blessed be God, the devil cannot force an entrance.

Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Isaiah 9: 1-7. "Unto us a son is given . . . and his name shall be called wonderful." How applicable is this name to Him Who came as God's great love-gift to a world at enmity against Him. "A wonderful Saviour is Jesus!" Wonderful in His nature and character; wonderful in His words and works; most wonderful of all in His seeking and saving the lost. Swing wide your heart to Him this day of mercy and realize anew the wonder of His grace and glory.

Monday, Psalms 73: 1-12. "I was envious at the foolish." The old, old problem as to why the wicked prosper has been troubling the Psalmist. He tells us that he had heard backsliders over it—"my steps had well-nigh slipped." It seemed to him as if God could not know or understand, otherwise evildoers

THE JUST JUDGMENTS OF GOD

(Continued from front page)

responsibility for the tragic happening? Did not God give him an absolutely free hand, and a wonderful opportunity to establish his house on a sure and lasting foundation?

Read it—"And I will take thee, and thou shalt reign according to all that thy soul shall desire, and shalt be king over Israel." Could any man be given a better chance to "make good"?

And was not God's proposed covenant a fair and equitable agreement? "And it shall be, if thou hearken unto all that I command thee, and wilt walk in my ways and do what is right in my sight, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as David my servant did, that I will be with thee, and build thee an house as I built with thee, and will give thee better chance to "make good"?

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But what did Jeroboam do, in the face of all these promises and assurances? Forsook the Lord, and made for himself the despicable reputation of being the king "who made Israel to sin" by making golden calves and leading his people into idolatry.

Is it any wonder that punishment was visited upon him and his house? What a lesson for all men—how careful we should be to avoid sinning against God, as we never know how far-reaching its effect may be!

"But why should God punish innocent children for the sins of their parents?"

On its face, a fair, reasonable question, often asked. But does He actually do so? In the case of Abijah, Jeroboam's son, did God punish him, or did He not in reality rather "take him away from the evil to come," because in him was found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam?

A warranted inference is, that Abijah feared God, and God took him to himself forever. Was that punishment? Surely not. And there are and have been numberless similar cases since that day!

"But I thought your God was a God of Love."

So He is—His name is Love. His thoughts toward us are thoughts of Good and not of Evil; to give us an expected answer. He is both the God of Justice, pledged to uphold Righteousness and Truth, and to condemn sin and iniquity.

As the God of the Universe, He is of necessity governed by laws of equity and justness and in duty bound to enforce them without fear or favor. He could not otherwise be a Just Judge. All laws, to be effective and effectual, must have penalties attached, for the punishment of offenders—without them, they would become a farce and prove a dismal failure.

The responsibility of observing and keeping the law rests with the individual and surely no sane person would condemn a presiding judge at an Assize Court for simply pronouncing a deserved and designated punishment upon any offender who has had fair trial and been proven "guilty" by conclusive evidence.

If innocent persons suffer as a result of this punishment, is it not the fault of the offending individual rather than the presiding judge, who has simply been true to his responsibility? Instead of God wishing to punish innocent persons, He has given His own innocent Son, to suffer for the guilty, that even the guilty may

would not be so apparently successful. Like him, we too, sometimes forget that: "Evil, in its nature, is decay."

And any hour can blot it all away." Tuesday, Psalms 73: 13-28. "Until I went into the sanctuary of God." Here the Psalmist found the key to his difficulty! He had judged too quickly.

escape punishment if they will accept this Great Gift on the necessary conditions laid down—"Repent ye, therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out."

Oh, yes! Our God is a God of Love.

But no matter how loving and kind-hearted a judge may be, his conduct must of necessity be governed by the principles of the law he is pledged to enforce. If any individual persists in following a course of lawlessness and persistent rebellion, then he himself must accept the responsibility of any punishment or suffering that befalls either himself or his loved ones and friends. "No man liveth to himself, neither dieth to himself." It is up to every person to watch their own step.

"Why did God not answer my Prayer?"

In all probability, this ever-nagging question burned fiercely, possibly bitterly, in the mind of Jeroboam's distressed, almost distraught wife, as it has in the minds of thousands in similar circumstances since her day.

And naturally so, for does not God promise to answer prayer? Did not the Psalmist address God thus: "O Thou that answerest Prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come." Ps. 69:9. And are there not nearly thirty thousand promises in the Bible, covering all possible circumstances in life, encouraging us to believe that God hears and answers prayer? Why, then, does He not fulfil His promises? Why not answer our prayers?

To such questionings many answers could consistently be given. In the case under consideration, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it is reasonable to assume that Jeroboam's wife was a partaker with him in his idolatry. If such were the case, she disdained herself by her own conduct, and forfeited all claim upon God.

All of His promises are conditional upon obedience to Him, and she could not appropriate them to her own selfish ends, while ignoring His claims upon her love and loyalty. This same principle applies to all prayers, and may be the explanation why so many are unanswered.

In many other cases, in fact the prayers are answered, but not in the way that we had desired or expected. God, in His infinite wisdom, understands what is best for us, and in His love answers according to His wisdom, rather than in accordance with our oft-times blind requests.

He sometimes refuses what we ask for: removes what we desire to hold; sends what we do not crave for, and does the very opposite to our wishes. But he never makes the mistake of giving what would harm his children.

He has at times granted requests when the petitioners have pressed for them, and would not take "No" for an answer, as in the case of King Hezekiah, and when the children of Israel demanded meat; but it has always been to the sorrow and loss of the receivers. And you do not need to go to the Word of God for such cases, either.

It is our responsibility to "depart from iniquity, so that we may have a just claim upon God's promises, and then make our requests to Him in faith and subject to His will. We will then prove that His promises are "Yea" and "Amen" to all who believe and obey.

The end of sin is always sorrow and grief. If for a time the wrongdoer seems to prosper, yet even in prosperity his feet are set in "slippery places," and his heart is restless and ill at ease. Could we but see the final doom of the prosperous wicked, we would pity rather than envy them.

A SONG OF TRUST

Frank Stanton represents an old colored man who had such absolute trust in Divine Providence that he had no possible fears for worry in his life. This simple soul found comfort in the thought that God knew all, and that God was interested in his property and happiness.

"I jes' don' know if de cotton'll grow, But I plants hit jes' de same; I jes' don' know if de rain'll blow, But I种子 hit in de Spring tappin' An' de sun be rise, an' de rain'll stop, An' de good Lawd knows my name."

"I jes' can't tell if de cotton sell, But I sells hit jes' de same; De seeds dey build when de Spring tappin' An' de day know enough for a rainy spell An' de sun lots more than de moon tappin' An' de good Lawd knows my name."

"So I watch and pray as I go my way An' I toils on jes' de same; De rose is sweet, but de rose can't stay, But I mighty glad when it blooms my way; De night fall dark, but de Lawd send day, An' de good Lawd knows my name—'owward."

"GREATER LOVE..."

From the following beautiful story we gain a slight insight into the great mystery of Christ's sacrificial love for the sinner:

The son of Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria, was very ill with diphtheria. The physician had warned her of the danger of inhaling the breath of the boy. As she stood by his bedside, watching over him, she laid her cool hand upon his forehead. Her touch brought him out of his coma, and throwing his arms around her neck, he whispered, "Kiss me, mother." Her mother-love conquered. She kissed the child, but it was death to her.

Greater love than this was the love of Jesus, for He loved us while we were yet sinners, i.e., enemies of His. The mother-love was wonderful; the Christ-love was divine.

YOUR DECISION NOW

It was Elijah's bold stand that influenced many others. So may ours. Satan says: "You are only one; give in, go with the rest; no use for you to try and be different." He is a liar. Make your decision for God, and make it without delay, and you will be glad always that you did it.

Wednesday, Psalms 74: 1-12. "God is my King." As he looks around, the Psalmist found much to discourage him. The temple was in ruins, the land desolate, and the enemy blaspheming God. But in spite of everything, the Psalmist encouraged himself with the thought that all was well, for God reigned.

"Leave God to order all the ways, And hope in Him, whatever befalls; Thou'll find Him in the end days, Thy all-sufficient strength and guide."

Thursday, Psalms 74: 13-16. "Let the poor and afflicted praise thy Name." The Psalmist comforted himself in his present trouble and distress by thinking of God's past goodness to creation. We too should remember all the many mercies received at God's hands. We have been most unworthy, but "all compassion fail not." Shall we not offer ourselves to Him for service and sacrifice?

Friday, Psalms 75: 1-10. "Let us cultivate the habit of prayer, not only for big mercies, but for all the little daily blessings of life."

"Yes, think and thank! and I'll lighten care, And make thy ills less hard to bear. Count up the mercies of to-day, And discontent will flee away; More calm and patient, the soul will grow, While from thy lips thanksgiving flows."

Saturday, Psalms 76: 1-12. "How good and to be praised is God!" Psalms in some time of sorrow or of special light, make a voice to God. If so, be careful to fulfil it as soon as ever you can. Strive also in every act of life to act that others will know that they may depend on your word. See that failure to carry out what you promise can never be laid to your charge.

Theorizing Tommy Says:

"Grin and bear it," runs the old-fashioned saying. But "sing and bear it" has this beaten in a thousand ways—especially if the other fellow will only "sing and share it."



A HUNDRED-FOLD

This is not a Salvation Army story, but it has so distinct an application for us of the Army that we venture to pass it along.

It concerns a little church away in the Australian bush country. The said church had so prospered that an extra room was needed for kindergarten work and for a vestry.

The people gave off their small means generously to build the children's room. But when all was counted, more pounds were needed than had been given.

The people were informed that there was not enough in hand to begin building. Among them was the young woman whose task was to care for the little ones, and her heart was full of fears lest the room should not be built. Pondering, as she walked home, whether there was anything more she could give, she thought of her richest possession. It was in her "glory-box," or "bottom drawer." Her dear mother had made it, working it with her own fingers during many months. It was a glorious lace and linen super-cloth, the glory of her "glory-box." Could she give it, for His sake, and the children?

The sacrifice was made, and with courageous hands she carried it to church and laid it on the Communion Table, her extra gift.

The stewards were puzzled what to do with it. None were rich enough in that congregation to buy it. Perhaps the storekeeper might buy it. So they waited upon him.

"What do you want for it?" he asked. "Five pounds," they answered. "Oh," said he, "I'll get you twenty-five pounds for it. I'll raffle it and get you at least twenty-five pounds."

"Ah, no," said they, "we do not practice raffling ourselves, and we would not like to make money that way for God's work. It's for the Church."

These Pious Methodists

The storekeeper was huffed at these pious Methodists with their objections to an innocent raffle. So he refused to help them, and the cloth was not sold.

Some time after, a minister was visiting that little church and heard the story of the progress of the work, the need of a room for the children, their failure to raise enough to build, and of the "glory-box" cloth.

"Perhaps," they said, "someone in your big city congregation might buy it."

"I'll try and sell it for you," said the preacher. So in his suit-case he carried home to his city parsonage the cloth from the bottom-drawer. His wife loved it at first glimpse, but she could not afford it. On the Sunday evening, preaching on "Sacrifice," the preacher told teacher, and her, from her "glory-box," and the people were deeply touched.

At the Ladies' Church Aid Meeting on the following Thursday, after the usual meeting and business, the minister again referred to the cloth. He had it with him to show its beauty.

To his surprise, three ladies wished to buy it. One wanted it for her own daughter's "bottom-drawer." Another wanted it to give as a wedding present. But the third lady said, "I don't want it for me. I want it to send back to the dear old man who gave it, and here it is five pounds for it, and extra for you to pay postage and send it to her at once."

And so the glory cloth was sold—and returned with five pounds also—the Lord's alms-doffle for the giver who gave it for His dear sake.

And so the application? Well, is there any need for us to stress that point? "They that give it yet increaseth," said the Master, and we will leave it at that.

Safety—Always the Best

Does one's duty is not just a matter of making sure of the reward, and it is a matter of comparison with another man's achievements. A man of the name of Maybole was known throughout the States as an expert hammer-maker.

"I have made hammers," he said, "for twenty-eight years." "You ought to make a pretty good hammer, then, by this time," said his interviewer.

"No, sir," came the emphatic reply. "I never made a pretty good hammer—I make the best hammer in the United States."

The Woman of the Doorway

As told by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich

Suddenly the Officer on the platform lifted his hand, and pointing to the pitiful visitor, said, "That woman is coming to God to-night." It seemed a daring grip of faith, but verily it was a miracle before we—she began to walk to the Mercy-Seat.

A shining glory appeared to be moving with her as she came.

WHATEVER the odds may be, any and every man or woman can be saved. It was one Friday night away in the South of Old London. It was a pitiful night, foggy, cold, miry, slippery—a wretched night.

I saw her standing in the doorway of the hall. What a figure she was. Could it be, Lord of all pity, that she had ever been an innocent, clean, pure-minded girl?

Only one foot was shod—I could see that from where I sat—her other foot was but scarcely covered with a huddled, besmirched stocking. Altogether down at heels she was. Her torn frock was smeared with the filth of the streets, her blouse was all awry. There she stood, her bare arms on hips, a totally heart-sickening wreck.

Her face! How can I describe the horror of it, the miserable horror of it?



A policeman shadowing her as she went.

The bloatedness of the cheek, the bleak of the eye; the frowled hair—already greying with what one could imagine to have been a life of sin.

For a moment she stood by the door, swaying as she stood; then, with a shrug of the shoulder which was almost pitiful in its disdain, she turned away, and left us to make her way to the beer-salon at the corner, a policeman shadowing her as she went.

So drunk was she that even the bartender refused her the drink she craved, and so, she came back to us, and again stood by the door of the Hall.

Quite a dismal story, is it not? No wonder at all, up to now, that the wooring Spirit of our Lord had her in His view, was even then gathering her in His arms to lead her to the Place of Cleansing.

The people of the Meeting had become used to her presence; dirty and drear as she was, she had not caused them much agitation, for was it not The Army Hall, and did they not believe that even such as she could find healing and God?

The speaking was done; the praying

The Cadets' Band at Portage

Brigadier G. Carter leads inspiring weekend

JUNE 9th and 10th were the dates slated for the Cadets Band to take their initial trip as a band—so as to get it in before the end of the Session; the goal in view being the Mid-Prairie City of Portage la Prairie. Due to the untiring efforts of Adjutant John Sharp and Bandmaster Burkett all arrangements were well in line.

Four cars were requisitioned and the men travelled down by road, thus allowing an opportunity for a short stop-over at Poplar Point, where a little was done in the way of enlivening the general store and the garage with Salvation music.

Portage was reached in time for supper and after acquainting themselves with local hospitality, the Cadets were ready for the Open-Air Meeting on the historic Main Street. A magnificent crowd gathered around and listened attentively for over an hour, and would have done so much longer, but for the untimely arrival of a heavy shower of rain.

Sunday was a very busy day—all visitors to Portage know. The Jail Meeting first thing in the morning was a blessing to the visitors, and at the close of the event nine men voluntarily raised their hands for prayer. (Who can estimate the value of such Meetings?—Ed.)

Separate morning Open-Airs were held, with the two Bands—Corps and Cadets—uniting for the march to the Citadel, where the Holiness Meeting was conducted by the Garrison Principal, and during which Cadet Hillary gave the main address. The Garrison Quintette rendered "Lord, with my all I part." Two brothers came forward.

The Clouds "Hung-up"

The Old Folks Home and Annex were visited in the afternoon, as was also the Boys' Industrial School. The announced Park programme had to be delayed for an hour owing to another heavy down-fall of rain, but ultimately, much to the pleasure of the Cadets and the joy of Adjutant Sharp and the local comrades, the clouds "hung-up," and a thoroughly enjoyable programme ensued, a good crowd being in attendance.

A well-filled Citadel was the happy event for the evening, when the Principal again led the troops. The combined bands rendered "Atonement," and the Salvation message was delivered by Cadet Arthur Allan.

The Portage share in the items of the visit was concluded by a Meeting at the City Band-stand; the combined Corps and Cadets Band were in this event and the Quintette again took part. It was a fitting finale to a happy and blessed experience—when the Cadets arrived home at the Garrison in the "wee sma' hours" of Monday morning.—G.B.

"The Right Sort of Chap"

HAVE you ever heard the story of the H Officer who was told by a policeman that he was wanted a. the police man that he was wanted a. a court? A man had been charged with a minor offence and had sent for him to speak for him.

Now, it is not an unusual call, this, to be made to an Army man, so he went; but when he arrived and looked at the prisoner, he did not know him from Adam. The magistrate said, "This man has sent for you to speak for him. What have you to say?"

The kind-hearted Officer, with a real benevolent smile, murmur'd that he had "nothing whatever to say against him." "Very well," said the magistrate to the accused, "you can go." You see what a good word will do for you."

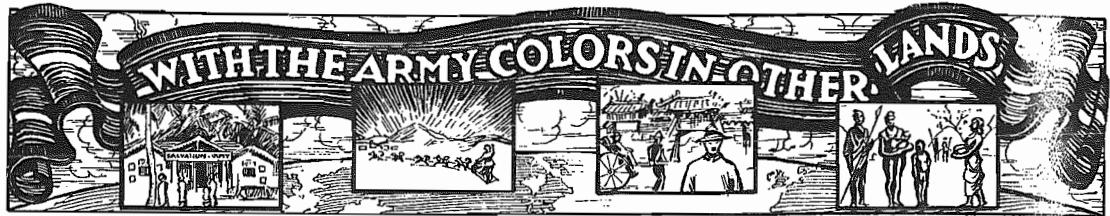
Outside afterwards, the Officer said to the man, "What on earth did you send for me? I've never seen you in my life."

And the man (here we drop the joke) replied, "You see, Cap'n, I heard you talking about Jesus Christ on the street, and I thought you was the right sort o' chap to help a feller in trouble."

Now while there is some fun in this story, and we are not quite sure that the Officer spoke up as he should have done, there is a lot to be said for the "feller" who knew he could turn to The Army in his trouble; to the man, that is, who was "talking about Jesus Christ."

"Fresh Air Sunday"

The Prophet Nahum said, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one another in the broad ways; . . . they shall run like lightnings." (Chap. 2, V. 4). And surely his word has come to pass. Well, why not get the boys and girls out of harm's way for a few days, and give them a chance at The Army's Fresh Air Camp? See page 12, also "General Order" on page 6.



FLOWERS FOR REMEMBRANCE A Pitifully Charming Story of Mothers' Day in Paris

It was Mothers' Day in the great and beautiful city of Paris and there were those who remembered the Mother of Jesus, and the mother, too, who brought them into the world. In The Army Salle Centrale all day long there were flowers—white, fragrant and beautiful—and all in remembrance of the mothers. There was joy in some mothers' hearts and pain in others. We had seen mothers young and old; comely and careworn; and daughters—hundreds of them—sheltering under The Army's protecting wing.

It is a good thing to have flowers brought to you with smiles and kind words and blessings. It is good if you deserve

LETTERS FROM CHINA

"Faithful at our Post of Duty"

ALMOST in spite of ourselves we find our thoughts constantly turning towards our Army comrades in China, and every now and then our good and comrades—also prayerful wishes are stirred towards them. Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie is in part responsible for this.

We have been permitted to see a letter which he recently addressed to our own Commissioner. In his own characteristic style he says: "We are having a ding-dong time in China; murders, slayings, beheadings, train smashings, executions and revolutions, until one is lost in the

resting in God, and so manage to go forward."

The Commissioner tells of a visit he paid to the Northern Region where it had been impossible for a Headquarters Officer to visit within the past three years. "The whole countryside," he says, "is greatly disturbed, and soldiers beset us everywhere, as well as policemen and other authorities demanding passports, and wanting to know what mischief had prompted us. However, we won through safely, and rejoiced over a total of 173 souls at the Mercy-Seat."

Lt.-Colonel Barnett, the Chief Secretary, whom we hope to see in our midst one of these days on his journey to England, writes an interesting and thrilling tale.

Greetings to Canada West

"You will have read of all that has been taking place in Tsinanfu. All through that war and bloodshed we have had two devoted women Officers keeping before the people the great truths of the Gospel. Commandant Dadow, one of them, hails from Australia; her companion is Captain Rains. Captain Grace Hodinott is doing well, and we send our own (and her) love to her parents, and all others who think of us and pray for us."

"Things are a little more unpleasant now than they have ever been. Our work is greatly crippled because we are in the midst of the contending Armies. The people are strung up to top-notch, and even our Chinese Officers are affected by the spirit of the times—which is but natural. However, we are facing all these difficulties with a hopeful courage and with an exceeding joy in the service of God."



Missionary Officers in Peking among whom are faces familiar to Canada West readers.

it all. It is good however great the pangs, if you do not deserve it. But there were some present who had no one to bring them flowers.

One poor mother in the building, wept bitter tears. She had a child—a wayward girl—but she was not there, and though others brought her flowers, they were not as from the hand of the one who had strayed from home. So, typifying the broken-hearted mothers' forlorn and comforless face, she wept.

When the lights were being lowered there were flowers left and they were given to two tall Englishmen in Salvation Army uniform and our comrades carried them. It was very late and we proceeded the nearest way, which was not the brightest, to our sleeping place.

The long, dark street was deserted as we passed along together. Not altogether so, for out from the shadow flits a fair form. It is a poor girl of the street. "Messieurs," she exclaimed for a beginning, "Messieurs, the flowers."

At first she did not realize that we were Salvationists. It was business with her, such a sad business too for one so fair and frail, and with signs of truth about her, despite her attire and paint.

"Yes," said my comrade who carried the flowers, "they are flowers. Would you like them?" "Yes, Monsieur," said the child wonderingly (she was little more than a child).

"They are flowers from l'Armee du Salut, we have been to the Salle Centrale, they are flowers of Remembrance," "Remembrance, Monsieur?" "Yes, Remembrance of Mother."

We shall never know what that word meant in the semi-darkness. A shaft of light from the lamp showed the frail but beautiful face with a pained and startled look upon it.

The parted lips were trembling. The child's breath was coming in little choking sobs and glistening tears were in her

intricate maze. However, we keep our souls in perfect peace, and our minds

HEROISM REWARDED

THERE is still gratitude to be found in human nature. As a matter of fact we incline to think that nature is much more alert than is sometimes thought. This is the case: Years ago in France a corporal was gassed during an attack. His buddy threw him over his shoulder and carried him out of the gas zone, thus saving his life.

A man lay dying in the Irvington General Hospital, New Jersey. He was suffering from a blood ailment that baffled physicians. As a forlorn hope the doctors decided to try a transfusion of blood although they had little hope of saving his life. His two brothers offered their blood and at 11 that night eighteen persons had offered their blood, had submitted to tests and had been rejected.

At 11.30 o'clock another man entered the hospital and offered his blood. He was the one-time gassed corporal, and the man who was dying was the soldier who had saved his life. He had just heard of his buddy's condition and had come to offer his blood. The test was satisfactory, and the doctors now say that the man has an excellent chance to recover. Let us hope that in this case the blood can save. We know it can save people from their sins.—New York "War Cry."

eyes. "Remembrance for mother, Monsieur? Then I will—I will take them."

What a picture! What a problem she presented as she stood there with the lilies in her hand, that poor little girl of the Paris streets, a problem which the Army in France is doing its utmost to help to solve.



Children of The Army's Home in Peking have a merry game of see-saw.

PRINCESS MARY AND THE ARMY

The latest British "War Cry" tells us that H.R.H. Princess Mary has consented to open a new Army Maternity Home near Leeds.

This new establishment will greatly increase the service that the Women's Social Work is able to render to the large populations of Yorkshire, and it will be a special pleasure to Commissioner Catherine Booth, and to the people of the West Riding, to have Princess Mary officiate at an Army ceremony.

Do not long for fame, but seek only to deserve it. What if a few thousand know your name? There are fourteen hundred million persons in the world.

MAKING THE DESERT TO BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE

The Coming of The Army and the Kingdom of God in Africa

The inauguration, by Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot of the Native Women's Social Work on the Rand, and the opening of an institution there which is to serve a double purpose—a refuge for urgent cases of distressed native women and a hostel for those needing accommodation—marked an epoch in the history of the Native Work in South Africa.

Included in the large attendance of Europeans assembled in the well-kept out and gaily decorated quadrangle were well known figures among those interested in the well-being of the natives. Seats had been placed in the welcome shade of some trees in one corner of the court mentioned, which, in the bright sunlight, with the streamer flags flying, the varied flowers and foliage, and the numerous guests conversing in groups, presented an animated scene. Music was furnished by Native Bandsmen drawn from a number of the Corps Bands along the Reef.

An Urgent Need

Colonel Clark, Chief Secretary for the native work, spoke of the urgent need there is for The Army's Social Work among the native women, especially on the Reef. This centre would serve the native and colored communities of Sophiatown, Vrededorp, New Clark and Nancefield, where, as Staff-Captain Peterson, the Officer in charge of the work can testify, the poverty, degradation, sickness and squalor beggar description.

The Staff-Captain's labor of love in which she is faithfully assisted by two native women Officers, Captain Butelezi and Lieutenant Cle, includes the relieving of those in distress, tending the sick, rendering first aid, ministering to the

needs of the many neglected and unwanted children and other Christ-like work.

In company of the Commissioner, Mrs. de Groot, Colonel and Major Staff-Captain Peterson, Major Miller, and others, the various guests were shown over the Institution which was much admired.

It is worthy of mention that the property was secured the land in question being as little short of a rubbish dump, but the Staff-Captain set to work and in due course brought about a transformation which reflects credit upon him and those who assisted her in the work. Plants and flowers in varied shaped beds, bordering pleasant walks, now flourish where once were unsightly rubbish-heaps—and this is not a parable.

"According to God's Holy Ordinance"

The Commissioner Conducts the Wedding
of Captain Leslie Sharpe and Ensign
Susie Biro at Winnipeg

ON Wednesday afternoon we gathered, quietly, happily, expectantly, in the Winnipeg Citadel for another wedding, and another real Army one at that. The wedding of Captain Leslie Sharpe and Ensign Susie Biro, simple and dignified in its very simplicity, represented the culmination of many prayers, and testified eloquently to the leading hand of God, both in this, and the Old Country.

As the bride and bridegroom, attended respectively by Ensign Miriam Houghton, and Captain Robert Watt, took their places on the platform, our thoughts turned instinctively to those most interested in the ceremony—the parents of both. The bride's aged mother, too, had come to travel, but surely thinking lovingly of her girl, and the bridegroom's parents, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharpe, of the 14th O. Subscribers' Department. Many years ago they gave their son to God, and though so far away, and naturally wanting to be with him, the knowledge that this occasion found him in the path of service, must have caused them to rejoice. But to return to the wedding.

Led by the Cadet's Band under the efficient baton of Cadet Nelson Weir, the audience responded gladly in the singing of the beautiful wedding-prayer,

"Saviour, let Thy sanction rest
On the union witnessed now."

Major Tyndall's prayer was choice in every expression, and found an echo in many hearts. Then the Band swung into that refrain, than which there could be no better sentiment for an Army wedding, "Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah."

The congregation was glad to sing it as well.

Staff-Captain Week's sympathetic reading of the Twenty-third Psalm fitted in

well here, and proved a fitting prelude to the recital of the "Articles of Marriage" by the Commissioner, who in this Meeting was at his "wedding" best, and whose skillful piloting linked the various items together into a charming whole.

Loud and long was the applause when Captain and Mrs. Sharpe were presented to the friendly audience, with the majority of whom they had been associated for many years, either at Headquarters, or in Corps work. It's a wonderful family, this Army ours isn't it?

Speeches at a wedding ceremony are always interesting, and Ensign Houghton read a large number of telegrams—a veritable "sheaf" as he termed it. Messages from the parents, from Captain Lincoln Sharpe, the bridegroom's brother, and from many Old Country friends from our old comrades, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Whetley, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips, from Colonel and Mrs. Miller, and Commandant Hardy, from the Montreal Immigration Staff, and from Colonel Taylor. Indeed, there seemed no end to these messages of love and esteem.

Lt.-Colonel Joy, with whom Captain Sharpe had worked for a long period in the Winnipeg Immigration Service, was no exception. Lightly he touched on his whole-hearted and untiring efforts for the welfare of those who came under his care; he spoke of the Captain's Salvation Army, and his interest in spiritual things, and went back a number of years in his

kindly references to the first time he saw Captain Sharpe, little thinking then he would stand in such a happy capacity as on this auspicious occasion.

But interested as the audience had been all the time, that was as nothing to the interest aroused when Mrs. Captain Sharpe expressed her thanks for the many kindnesses received, and gave a ringing finishing with her Commissioning promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Captain Sharpe, in decisive, clear-cut sentences, spoke tenderly of his parents, of his "delightful wife" and of his anxiety to be a true Soldier of Christ.

No more appropriate conclusion could have been found than the singing of "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,"—the blessings of health and happiness, of human love, and companionship, and that greatest blessing of all—Salvation."

At the Balmoral Immigration Lodge a big crowd of friends gathered to wish special happiness to the young couple, and here Mrs. Staff-Captain Weeks, in spite of weakness attendant upon her recent operation, did the honors in splendid style.

Captain Sharpe, although not a product of the West, even so far as his Officership goes, is very well-known, not only in

Winnipeg, but from Montreal to Vancouver. Since his coming to Canada a number of years ago he has been connected with The Army Immigration Services, being on the staff in Montreal before he entered the Toronto Training Garrison in 1922. From there he was commissioned as Assistant in the Winnipeg Office, where he stayed until about nine months ago when he was transferred to the Woodstock Lodge, Ontario. While in Winnipeg he did good work as a Soldier at Winnipeg VIII (Home St.), occupying at different times the positions of Scout-Leader and Y.P.S.M.

Ensign Biro entered the work from Yorkton, Sask., in 1919 "Joyful Service Session," and after a period of Training was appointed as Lieutenant to assist in the opening of the Kamsack Corps. Her Field experience, however, was not destined to be long or varied, for soon after she was appointed to the Finance Department, and has spent eight happy years as a valued member of the Staff, her last duties being those of Headquarters Cashier—D.O.J.

brook St. and Ft. Rouge Bands will be in attendance, and also the Singers from Elmwood. Try to be there also, you'll have a real good time.

Why not read the "Young Soldier"? It isn't quite a "Kid's Paper," and it's worth far more than its nominal price of 2c; for in addition to this week there is a highly interesting and educational article therein entitled "Who invented the match?" Every week there are items of information and education, and you would not hurt or break yourself by purchasing a copy. Why not do so regularly?

"There are lots o' men in this world, Jerome, and still more women, who grow old before their time working for other people; and I take it that when folks talk o' their wrinkles, the Lord says, 'My name shall be on their foreheads'; and when folks talk o' their grey hairs. He says, 'They shall walk with Me in white for they are worthy.'—"E. Thornycroft Fowler.

LT-COL PAYNE AND GRACE HOSPITAL OFFICERS AT SOUTH VANCOUVER

South Vancouver Corps has been experiencing some blessed times recently. On Sunday, the 3rd inst., we had the pleasure of having with us our new Lt.-Colonel Payne; she was accompanied by Adjutant Lister and several of the Officers from Grace Hospital. We were greatly helped by her recital of her early day experiences. The Officers and nurses entered heartily into the proceedings, among them being two recent Army converts.

Our Self-Denial Campaign has been a splendid success, both Senior and Young People reaching their objectives. We are in for victory all the time.—M.A.W.

Central States Territory Celebrates Self-Denial Victory

THE ARMY forces which operate in the United States under the leadership of Lt.-Commander McMillan have recently celebrated their Self-Denial victory, when a total of \$115,561.22 was proclaimed as the contribution for the event of 1928. We join with our American comrades in their rejoicing over this attainment.

THE BLESSED ARMY BONNET

A LONDON (Eng.) magazine says: "The Salvation Army bonnet, so familiar in our streets, is not, after all, to be abolished. It was first invented because the Founder of The Salvation Army wished his women soldiers to be easily distinguished as soldiers. It had a deeper connotation in those days, which was perhaps as well, for it protected the 'fases' faces from the garbage and soot which hooligans flung at them."

One cannot altogether blame the writer for supposing there would be some alteration; it is this craze for 60000 size that does it. We see that the Mennite conference has declined to make any alteration in the 300 year old style of their female headgear. Nothing like making a style and keeping to it. It is not a question of ugliness, sisters, it's a matter of distinction from the world, isn't it?

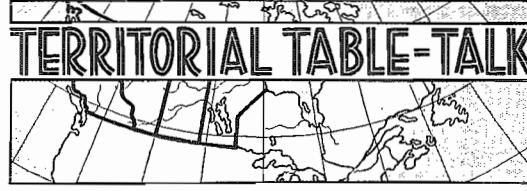
WINNIPEG HOME LEAGUE NOTES

In our issue of last week we announced that Mrs. Brigadier Taylor would be opening a Sale of Work at Home Street, Winnipeg, on the 16th inst. We ought to have announced this event as taking place at 180 SHIREBROOK STREET. Will all interested friends please note this correction. The time is 3 p.m.

Captain Nyerod and the League officials at Winnipeg announce a Home League Sale there on Tuesday, the 19th inst.; Mrs. Brigadier Smith will open the proceedings at 2 o'clock.

Home Street League announces a "Silv. Tea and Home Cooking Sale" on Thursday, June 28th, from three o'clock until the husbands arrive. A special invitation to all Home Street friends.

It will be observed that the above refer to Winnipeg Home Leagues, but we should just as pleased to make announcements on behalf of Corps and Leagues in other parts of the Territory. Will League Secretaries please note—but remember that go to press at least ten days before the date of issue.



Winnipeg, June 14th

Just as we go to press the Chief Secretary's "sound of revelry" across the land. On inquiry we found it was the Staff Officer members of a certain "Board" experiencing in Vancouver. It is good to know that he has been in the care of such devoted comrades as those out West.

Here is an item of interest. W. Hutchings Jnr., of Vancouver III has invented a new type of electric washing machine for which he has received a patent from the Dominion Government. Our comrade is 18 years of age, and is an ardent Senior Soldier and worker in the No. 11 Corps, thus following in the footsteps of his parents who have been enrolled Salvationists for over twenty years.

There should be a good attendance at Winnipeg Citadel on Monday night next—the 18th. The Commissioner is booked to be there to preside over the concluding exercises of the Forty-Second Anniversary weekend, and to present Long-Service Badges to no less than 50 veterans in Local Officership. As a motto for the night we suggest, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?"

Major Oakie tells us this one, Captain Townsend, recently appointed to the Subscribers Department in Regina, says that he was in rural Saskatchewan and "A man grabbed me with both hands, and said he had been in that place for twenty years and had not seen The Army uniform for over sixteen of them; he gave me \$10.00, and cheap at the price, says Major Oakie."

On Thursday last, the Editorial sanc-

A recent visitor at T.H.Q. was Comrade Rondale, of Chicago. He was returning from the funeral and memorial services of his mother, a valiant Soldier in Victoria; we mentioned his promotion recently. He tells us that the many messages of commendation by his dear ones, and have been a means of much comfort to his bereaved father.

The Editor has said something like this before. He is always glad to receive photos for publication, particularly of Army scenes and events and happenings in the lives of Salvationists. One important rule to be observed, however, is—"No flowers." Comprende?

The Toronto "Cry" announces the farewell of Brigadier Knight of the Saint John, N.B. Division, and that Major Kendal takes up pro tem. Divisional Commander duties. Brigadier Knight goes on furlough.

This is in danger of becoming a "Coming Events" column for those who—but never mind.

Winnipeg Salvationists and their friends and relatives are heartily invited to the Garrison Society Party to be held on the grounds of the T.G. (Portage Avenue) on Monday, the 18th inst. The opening ceremony will be performed by Mrs. Joseph Merritt, supported by the Commissioner and the Garrison Staff. Sher-

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commander Chas. Rich,
817-819 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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General Order

Sunday, July 8th, is to be observed throughout the Territory as "Fresh Air Sunday." Special collections towards The Army's Fresh Air Camps Fund will be taken at all Corps. Commanding Officers are responsible to their Divisional Commanders in this matter, and will act according to instructions received from D.H.Qs.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

"The Willing Horse"

WE think it high time that a new organisation was started in The Army. We really do, and we are sure that we should be able to obtain a considerable amount of support for it, even though some may say that there is nothing too hard for the man who will start a new Department amongst us. Our new organisation would be known as "The Society for the Prevention of the Overworking of Willing Horses."

Now, don't you think that is a good idea? We have heard of more than one comrade who has been seriously thinking of making a change to another Corps because, being more than usually "willing horses," they have been grievously overworked. This means, or would mean if they persisted in their threat, that the particular Corps of their present association would be all the poorer, and some of those who "don't know what the Corps is coming to" would have a clearer vision of that prospect.

Mind you, we are not suggesting that ardent Soldiers should be less ardent, or that they should cease to take an enthusiastic interest in the affairs of the Corps, or of the larger Army, but we do suggest that some of the "Leave it to George" comrades might step up with some energy and take a share themselves.

Why should one girl be a Songster, a Company Guard, a "Cry" boomer, a Guard Leader, a Corps-Cadet, an Open-Air collector, etc., etc., and other girls be doing nothing? Why should one lad be a hard-working Bandsman, a Corps Cadet, a Company Guard, a Scout Chaplain, and a few other things—when his able-bodied mates are idling their time away? Ready to take all the glory of Salvationism and share none of its onus!

So here goes, let's set up the new Department, and you see, if some of those "Stand-bys" don't want to join up.

The General Farewell

DURING recent weeks the Field Secretary—Brigadier B. Taylor—has been busy in connection with the plans for this great event, which takes place on June 24th—the Officers moving on to their appointments during the succeeding week. Of course, many comrades are affected by the farewell, but this connection of the "Farewell of the Cadets of The Victor" Session is no small matter, and one to which the Commissioner has been giving his personal attention. We most thoroughly believe the reinforcements thus forthcoming will be of real value to the Territory.

A Veteran and Comrade of the Years

Brigadier Allen Retires From Active Service

HAVE you ever noticed, striding along the street, a short, agile Officer, cap rather jauntily tilted on the back of his head, chin aggressively forward and elbows awning? That's Brigadier Charles Allen, friend of prisoners, down-and-outs and all who may be in trouble.

The Brigadier will shortly be retiring from active (official) service and it is to do honour to his nearly forty years of strenuous Army Officership that we pen this quite inadequate sketch.

Our comrade, interestingly enough, hails from Billy Bray's famousshire—Cornwall—and has a lively recollection, as a small lad, of being taken by his father to hear the eccentric evangelist preach; in fact, Billy Bray's cottage was but a short distance from the family home.

Whether this had any particular influence on the Brigadier's future we are not certain, but it was not until our comrade had crossed the seas to Canada that he definitely surrendered his life to God. This was at St. John, New Brunswick (not Newfoundland, as has been erroneously stated) when in The Army Hall, under the fiery preaching of "Hell Fire Nancy" (Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner McIntyre, U.S.A.) he saw himself a lost and undone sinner. From that night on he resolved to do all in his power to win souls.

For twenty-five years he toiled hard in the Field, at Corps small and large, happy in the consciousness that he was engaged in a God-glorying work and using his talents in the Master's service. Twenty years of that period were spent in the Maritime Provinces and five in Ontario.

To chat with the Brigadier those stirring days is to bring all sorts of reminiscences to the fore. It was at Woodstock, N.B., that an awakening marked his stay, this commencing with a young gypsy lad who had just been released from serving a term in prison. A whole band of gypsies coming to God resulted from this lad's conversion and the community was roused as never before. At Belleville, Ont., he had some experiences which deepened his interest in the Social Work and led to much splendid activity in this direction.

One instance was where he succeeded in getting a terrible drunkard nicknamed "Blue Jay," out of prison and handed over to The Army. The old man would steal when he was drunk, and his last exploit was actually to rob a jail. He was the despair of the magistrate and the police, and it was with very little hope that they passed him over to "The Army Captain." The miracle of conversion, however, caused the authorities to alter their minds and this trophy, truly a changed man in heart and action, spent many happy years, finding delight in working for God and souls as an Army Bandsman.

At Kingston the Brigadier's last Field appointment, he became greatly interested in the prisoners confined in the large penitentiary there, and as a result, many good deeds were done. It was while at Digby, N.S., also that our comrade acted as chaplain to a notorious murderer who expired his crime on the gallows, but not before being led to Christ.

Thus it would appear that "coming events cast their shadows before," for

the Brigadier was transferred to Winnipeg to assist at the Men's Social Department.

This was a work he was well fitted for and he entered heart and soul upon his duties, assisting the poor, the prisoners, the social derelict and others.

From Winnipeg, he was transferred to Calgary where he was placed in charge of

Commsr. Mrs. Booth-Hellberg

To Farewell from Norway and Take
Important Travelling Commission

READERS of the "War Cry" and Salvationists generally will be interested to hear that the General's un-appointed Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, at present Territorial Commander in Norway, to an important position on the Staff at International Headquarters, with a view to utilising her services in special work in all parts of the world.

The Commissioner will visit various Territories, as decided by the General, to represent him upon special occasions, to conduct Territorial Congresses, and to undertake other commissions of an important character. It will be recognised that the long experience gained by the Commissioner in various Territorial Commissions in India and in Europe, and her intimate acquaintance with my problems, together with her close relationship with both the Founder and the present General, will be of great benefit to her in her new position, and we are sure she may rely upon prayers and confidence of the whole Army in her various journeys and undertakings.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg will farewell from Norway about the middle of August, and will leave later in that month for South Africa where she is to conduct the Native and European Congresses. Commissioner de Groot and his Officers are looking forward with keen anticipation to the Commissioner's visit, from which great advances are expected to result.

Commissioner Mapp Conducts Triumphant N.S.W. Congress

Four Hundred Seekers Registered
Commonwealth Statesmen Appreciate Army Work
(By Cable)

Commissioner Henry W. Mapp, who has won a high place in the elections and confidence of Australians, has just concluded gloriously successful Congress in Sydney and Brisbane, in the Australian East Territory, following a brilliant campaign in the South, already reported.

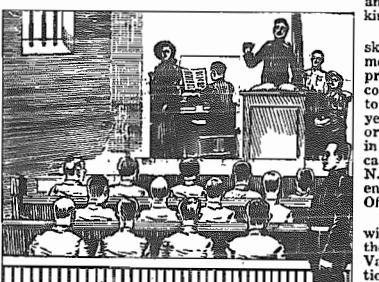
At Canberra, the Federal Capital, the Commissioner was received by the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth and the leading ministers of state, who each and all expressed the highest approbation of the work of The Salvation Army.

The Commissioner, who has been remarkably sustained throughout his campaign, delivered impassioned addresses to monster crowds, and under the gracious and popular leadership the Spirit was so powerfully used to convert the hearts of the truths bearing upon sin and holiness that four hundred seekers came forward.

The Officers' Councils were Pentecostal in power, and their influence was long held in grateful memory by all ranks. Commissioner and Mrs. Charles Newton rendered loyal and devoted help. An inspiring message was received from the General. Australians, through their Territorial leaders, reciprocate the greetings brought to them by Commissioner Stapp from the American Continent. They ever stand firm in loyalty to The International Salvation Army, living to seek the lost.—George L. Carpenter, General.

having rendered splendid service as Guard Leader of the Winnipeg Citadel Troop.

The Commissioner and Mr. Rich are booked to preside over the final farewell Meeting of Brigadier Allen on Wednesday next, the 20th. We feel sure there will be a large attendance of Officers and Soldiers in the Rupert Avenue Citadel to bid Godspeed to our devoted comrade. There may be some in the city who would also wish to be present if they were informed; will comrades do their best to make the Meeting known.



"The prisoners heard them."



Commissioner Mapp

A Tempest of Triumph and Thanksgiving

How we celebrated the Self-Denial In-gathering in Winnipeg

THESE things are a parable, and yet not altogether a parable, for they are actual fact. Shall we improve the figure by saying these things are symbolic?

On Tuesday night last we gathered in the Winnipeg Citadel for the Territorial (and Manitoba Divisional) Self-Denial In-gathering, and a riotously happy time we had. The Citadel Band rendered, for the first time in public, Captain Eric Ball's march—"Climbing up the Golden Stairs." Immediately our thought-machine operated; if it had not been for Commissioner Booth-Tucker's lilting melody, there would have been no such march-piece; if it had not been for Consul Booth-Tucker's inviting words, there would have been no such air; if it had not been for the little child's "go-to-bed" expression in that household, there would have been no such song;—and if there had been no such happy, little child—

It was a great "Go," that is to say, it did GO. From the very first song outlined by the Field Secretary—"Our battles end in saving sinners weary"—until the final Amen of the benediction. We were on tip-toe all the time.

Jogging to some "Joy" Strains

Lt.-Colonel Sims' prayer recalled to our minds, if that had been necessary, our Overseas Comrades and the fact that so much of our Self-Denial labours had been in their behalf; that gave us a sort of family joy. Then the Commissioner, right on his toes, so to speak, set us jogging to some "Joy" strains, finishing with that good old Army anthem—"Joy in The Salvation Army"—whereat the two run each other pretty close in Army family interest.

And then his "remarks"; quick, incisive, to the point; telling of something accomplished, hinting at a victory, and so whetting our appetites for what we had all along hoped would be the result. Is there ever a keener Salvation Army crowd than on Ingathering Night, except, maybe, on Commissioning Night? The two run each other pretty close in Army family interest.

Talking of family interest, just as we entered the Meeting we heard one bandsman say to another, "Say, we're in for a special go tonight—Dad and Mum are sitting together" and we remembered the long years of Local Officership which had in part prevented such a proper state of affairs. But to tell the truth we were all together on Tuesday night—it was a real family affair.

Mrs. Rich read to us from the Scriptures, and brought us up to the central theme for every Salvation Soldier's heart—"the unspeakable Gift." And for a moment or two we paused to wonder and adore—then most willing of Self-Denial Offerings—"God's well-beloved Son." It is well that we should be reminded of these things, that our "joy may be full."

Mis. Missionary Representatives

This was more than ever emphasized when we came to what has become a part of our Ingathering ritual; the calling to a remembrance of Western Canada's Missionary representatives. We were at the back of the hall, and it was a real joy for us to hear the quick recognitions—the family recognition—of the various faces. The Pugmires, the Newmans, the Pattisons, the Johnsrudes, the Sullivans—after the other, such a joyful shouting—and the cheers for each of them.

So they come—here are others—the Blairs, the Skottnesses, the Allens, the Tait's, the Edwards, oh, we haven't come to the end of the list—Canada knows how to be generous; there were the McPhees, the Marshlands, and then Ensign Craig, Ensign Burr, Mrs. Little, Captain Charlie Sowton, Mrs. Fraser, Captain Eric, Captain Grace Hoddinott and Ensign Ada Irwin—there they were, smiling as we always seemed to see them doing in the days "of their sojourn."

Now came along the other slides—we drifted into that part of the programme almost without knowing, and before we

could well realise that we had cheered and prayed for our Missionary comrades, we were cheering our financial contributions. Ft. Rouge slumped on to the sheet—in its usual inobtrusive fashion, and then forward, for nearly an hour, we were kept busy with note-book and pencil taking down the figures. Whoever it was that arranged the slides, especially the interspersive ones, had a keen eye to the justices of the event, as well as to the happy humour of the evening. And the intervening choruses—all indicative of the spirit of hard work and victory—kept us jogging. We tell you—"it was a famous victory."

It was especially so for Staff-Captain Steele and the warriors of the Manitoba Division. Mrs. Steele sat there with her face all agleam, something different from the pushful pose she had had a few weeks earlier. The Staff-Captain was quietly elated. The Officers on the platform tried not to appear too much "We've had a hand in it;" but it was no use. It was their victory.

No, no, wait a bit; we are not going to tell you the final figures just yet. In such an Army as ours, and in these wide-spreading lands about which our Immuni-

ty could well realise that we had cheered and prayed for our Missionary comrades, we were cheering our financial contributions. Ft. Rouge slumped on to the sheet—in its usual inobtrusive fashion, and then forward, for nearly an hour, we were kept busy with note-book and pencil taking down the figures. Whoever it was that arranged the slides, especially the interspersive ones, had a keen eye to the justices of the event, as well as to the happy humour of the evening. And the intervening choruses—all indicative of the spirit of hard work and victory—kept us jogging. We tell you—"it was a famous victory."

The Commissioner was once more on his feet, although it seemed to us he had not remained seated for long during any part of the evening. Now the Banners were being presented—the Self-Denial Champion Banners, you understand. Always a tense few moments these.

Weston said a solemn good-bye to the Divisional young People's Banner, that it had gone for 1928 to Ft. William. Captain Johnson knew the reason for his coming when he was prompted forward for the Senior Divisional Banner for Neepawa, and both goodly victories they were, and popular.

Much guessing preceded the presentation—or announcement—of the Champion Territorial Winner, but it seemed as though the whole house wanted to shout "Hallelujah" when they heard that Captain and Mrs. Blue and the Biggar Braves had swooped it for this year. One comrade gave vent to his feelings by

shining through; the night of wrong is passing away, and the Sun of Righteousness rises with healing in His wings. These were the things we saw as the Commissioner spoke, and then reverently and also happily we bowed with him as he placed our gifts on the altar, saying as he did so:



shining through; the night of wrong is passing away, and the Sun of Righteousness rises with healing in His wings. These were the things we saw as the Commissioner spoke, and then reverently and also happily we bowed with him as he placed our gifts on the altar, saying as he did so:

Lord, these things are Thine; this money is Thine; we are Thine; the world is Thine; we bring it, we bring ourselves, and all we have and are and hope to be, and lay it at Thy bleeding feet. Take it, take us, O Lord, and make it and us for ever Thine, Amen.

FAREWELL SUNDAY JUNE 24

Once again the majority of Corps Officers of the Canada West Territory are under orders to bid farewell to their commands. If they have served you 'better than any who have gone before' thank God for their ministry and ask Him to make them a blessing to others as they have been to you.

If you "are glad they are going" faithfully examine your own heart, and what is revealed to you will silence your tongue regarding the faults of any one else.

When you have said "Good-bye and God bless you" ask yourself how you would manage a Corps of Soldiers as faulty as yourself and you will be very busy praying for grace for the incoming Officers.

God bless and inspire our Field Officers! May He comfort those who are sad at leaving dear comrades, and those who face the future with apprehension, and may He help the children over the difficult period of breaking old school and home associations and starting anew!

grant Agencies wax so eloquent, it is not always easy to get the final results; "here a little, and there a little" is especially appropriate at these times. But we will carry on!

Came after this some announcements when the D.C., in his quick, sharp tones, told us of some interesting coming events, and then we forgot them all in the thought of the Commissioning Week-end which looms so large on the horizon of some of those who were present. Then the Band played Captain Ball's march, which led us to our prefatory moralising, but which we seem to have forgotten in writing our report. What we wanted to say in that connection was—if it had not been for that little child of Consul Booth-Tucker's there might it had not been for Eric Ball's March; and it had not been for the apparently small and insignificant work on the part of hundreds of Army comrades throughout Canada West, there would have been no joy in our Ingathering. Now, let us get on again.

Adjutant Acton's Continental Challenge

Adjutant Acton was on his feet—literally on his feet; quite smart and happy and snappy he looked. It was not many minutes before he had the audience bubbling over, especially when he issued his Continental Challenge for next year's Altar Service. (We wonder has the F.S. let him have a look at the Farewell Sheets.) We wish we could reproduce his words, but they are nothing without his accompanying gestures and gesticulations. Imagine them for yourselves.

A little later in the evening Captain Johnson, of Neepawa, arrived all breathlessly. Suddenly he was hauled up for a speech—and a bright and spiritually Army affair he made of it—he gave us a

shouting "Hear, hear," which proved he was no true disciple of the Champion Platform, floor, and gallery exhibitor again when the Commissioner gaily announced that Ft. William had also won the Territorial Y.P. Banner, and the loudest in their cheerings were those good and plucky folk over from Weston—who are already planning for next year's revenge and recuperation.

Gracious, it was a time! And what happened after that? Once more the Commissioner took the centre of the platform, and we joined in the welter of applause as we heard and saw the various Divisional "approximations." We are obliged to use that word because the end is not yet, and we are not in a position to give the final amounts. Let this be said, however, it is all fair and sound stuff—that is not gerrymandering going on behind the scenes—not a scumble to make it up, but just the certain knowledge that the best yet has been done, and this without taking into consideration all the other and extra schemes which have been afloat recently. Much money has been raised throughout the Territory for various important extensions and adjustments—and much more is needed—but having done and said all that, still we are to rejoice in a notable triumph—about which we shall be able to finalise in our next issue. It will do you no harm to make you want to read next week's "War Cry."

And the Commissioner's charge and consecration. Always he brings us back to the main issue, and as he spoke we saw those fearful hosts of sin who are battling for every inch of ground, and we took courage for the fact that inch by inch they are being driven back, held in check. The clouds of sin are lifting, the sun is

Killisnoo, Alaska, Swept by Fire

Army Hall and Quarters Destroyed; Villagers Plunged into Deepest Distress

The Commissioner has received word from Major Carruthers that the entire Village of Killisnoo has been swept by fire, and that included in the almost general destruction are The Army Hall and Quarters. Our brave comrades, Adjutant and Mrs. Quick have thus suffered the loss of all their personal belongings, as have also many of our Army comrades and others in the neighborhood.

A few days ago the village, which is situated on a picturesque island in the Inner Waters of the Alaskan Coast, was the centre of thriving industry; now it lies in ruins. The Commissioner was prompt in telegraphing relief funds for our stricken people, and would be glad to hear from any readers of "The War Cry" who may be similarly generously disposed.

British Field Notes

On a recent Sunday night at Milford Haven the manager of a local Picture Palace was among the seekers.

At Chester-le-Street a backslider has been attending the Meetings for over twenty-five years, and every Sunday night during that period the Sergeant Major has had a word with him about his soul, in addition to praying hundreds of times for his return. He has come back to God.

Brigadier Bernard Booth and Ensign Jackson have had a "Swift Road Campaign" along the South Coast of Britain, the following Corps being visited—Portslade, Hove, Brighton Congress Hall, Seaford, Eastbourne and Bexhill; concluding with a late-hour Meeting at Eastbourne.

Northampton I Corps has bid farewell to the old City Jail Citadel which they have occupied for over forty-three years, having taken possession of a fine new Citadel.

Certain British Bands have recently "clubbed together" to present a full set of the New Band Tune Book to the Corps Band at Kanda, Tokio. A similar gift is being arranged for other Japanese Bands.

Lt.-Colonel J. Brown has taken up duties as Divisional Commander at Ipswich in succession to Major Olive Booth.

A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army Song Book, and the Number of its Companion Tune, or tune in the New Army Tune Book (Compiled by Captain Doreas, Bandmaster Will Carroll, Winnipeg Citadel)

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes are marked thus (*).

Salvation—Death (Continued)

| | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|------|------|------|
| 127 Listen to the invitation..... | 285 | *289 | *290 | *291 |
| 128 Near us standing here..... | 252 | 256 | 309 | *312 |
| 129 "Twill soon be gone..... | 231 | 234 | | |
| 130 "I'm comin' to the wounded..... | 223 | 225 | 137 | |
| 131 And I born to be a sinner..... | 223 | 225 | 137 | |
| 132 A few more years..... | 123 | *138 | 149 | |
| 133 You must get your sins..... | 446 | | | |
| 134 I'm comin' to the sinner..... | 202 | | | |
| 135 Come, ye sinning sinners..... | 155 | 169 | *162 | |
| 137 And I only born to..... | 247 | | 250 | |

Judgment

| | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----|------|------|--|
| 138 Lo, He comes with..... | 296 | *307 | 299 | |
| 139 And will the Judge..... | 193 | 140 | | |
| 140 The blood of the Lamb..... | 193 | 140 | | |
| 141 Lo, on a narrow neck of..... | 247 | 249 | | |
| 142 Sins of years are all..... | 435 | | | |
| 143 When thy mortal life..... | 147 | 160 | *152 | |
| 144 Your garments must be..... | 147 | 160 | 152 | |
| 145 The world is full of..... | 111 | 120 | | |
| 147 The great archangel's..... | 28 | 38 | | |
| 150 Day of Judgment, Day of..... | 302 | 305 | *306 | |
| 153 When Thou, my righte..... | 246 | | | |
| 154 When the trumpet of the..... | 309 | | | |

Hell

| | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|-----|--|--|
| 158 My thoughts on awful..... | 78 | 105 | | |
| 160 Oh, millions cry in Hell..... | 226 | 228 | | |
| 162 O sinner now sailing..... | 336 | 532 | | |

Sinners Seeking Pardon

| | | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|------|------|--|
| 163 Thou that hearst when..... | 8 | 10 | | |
| 163 Jesus, my Lord, to thee..... | 242 | *243 | 244 | |
| 165 I'll tell the world..... | 242 | *243 | *467 | |
| 166 Jesus, see me at Thy feet..... | 388 | | | |
| 167 Lord, I hear of showers..... | 261 | 265 | | |
| 168 A weary time at Thy..... | 105 | 107 | 108 | |
| 169 I'm comin' to a wretched..... | 261 | *162 | | |
| 170 Jesus, lover of my soul..... | 157 | *171 | | |
| 172 O Foundress, Salvation..... | 346 | *354 | *355 | |
| 173 Rock of Ages, left for..... | 163 | *165 | *167 | |
| 174 I'll tell the world..... | 242 | 243 | | |
| 176 What can wash away my..... | 417 | | | |
| 177 By Thy birth, and by..... | 162 | 163 | | |
| 178 I'll tell the world..... | 242 | 243 | | |
| 179 When shall Thy love..... | 123 | *129 | 133 | |
| 180 Oh, remember Calvary..... | 515 | | | |
| 181 Heavenly Father, bleed..... | 146 | | | |
| 182 I'll tell the world..... | 209 | *191 | *201 | |
| 183 As I am, before Thee face..... | 181 | | | |
| 185 Depth of Mercy..... | 146 | *147 | 156 | |
| 186 With my heart so full..... | 312 | 320 | | |
| 187 I'll tell the world..... | 242 | 243 | | |
| 188 When looking back upon..... | 212 | 217 | | |
| 189 My God, my God, to..... | 49 | 66 | | |
| 191 Pass me not, O loving..... | 238 | *240 | | |

Backsliders

| | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------|------|-----|--|
| 192 Weary of wandering..... | 218 | 221 | | |
| 193 I'll tell a lost sinner..... | 207 | 210 | | |
| 194 Oh, for a closer walk..... | *108 | *107 | 117 | |
| 195 I hasten to the cross..... | 295 | 299 | | |
| 196 Jesus, Shepherd of the..... | 163 | 163 | 168 | |
| 197 I'll tell the world..... | 242 | 243 | | |
| 198 Jesus, if still thou art..... | 61 | 63 | *71 | |
| 199 Ah! whether should I go?..... | 139 | 140 | | |
| 200 Jesus, the Son of man..... | 202 | 203 | | |
| 201 Jesus, is still the same..... | 216 | 217 | 218 | |
| 202 God is in this and..... | 64 | 70 | | |

(To be Continued)

(Note.—We suggest that this "Index" should be cut out and kept for reference. When completed it will furnish very useful information for Officers, Bandmasters, Bandsmen, etc.—Ed.)

THE TAMBOURINE WAS SAVED

An Incident of Early Army Days in Switzerland

A new Corps was to be opened at Biel, Switzerland and Lieutenant Kupfer (now Lieutenant-Colonel, Retired), who was to take charge, was conscious in the first Meeting, led by Staff Officers, that "a lot of evil spirits" were present. She could not speak.

Someone wakened her that night to say that the benches and everything else breakable in their Hall had been smashed by the roughs. She rose and went (not in uniform) to see, but found the door locked and a crowd in the street outside.

Slipping round behind, she entered the Hall by a back window and then addressed the crowd through the one in front, speaking both in French and German, explaining what the Army was for, and urging them to get converted. For ten minutes they listened. Then someone shouted furiously: "We should kill her with stones," and they began to fling in whatever missiles they could pick up.

There was a kind of trap-door in the floor, and the Lieutenant pulled it up and disappeared, going through the cellar and thus finding a way out of the danger. Next morning it was seen that the broken benches had been taken out of the Hall and flung into a stream. The piano—also broken—was out in the street. "Only my little tambourine was in good health," said the Colonel whimsically, when telling the story years later. "All the World."

The biggest room in the world is the room for improvement.



LET US SING TOGETHER!



The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Isn't it
a lovely
Army

Ste. A1 Styreneup Mansions,
Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I trust you will be glad to have this letter written on a typewriter. Although I am afraid I have made a few mistakes. Our young daughter, Captain—please note—Dinah is home for a few days, and she tells me that I am an expert in the "one finger exercises." That is, the reward one gets for slaving to send their children to a Business College; one of these days it will come home to them.

When would it be convenient for you to come up and see us—some night after supper? Dorcas and I would like to introduce you to Captain Anson—that is, Dinah's "ehoise." He really is a nice young fellow, I like him; he tells me he is very fond of the auto harp as an accompaniment when it is played properly. He has never seen one until he saw mine. We're having the piano tuned, so that we shall be able to have a real nice singing; you'll understand it hasn't been used much since Dinah and Danny have been on the Field.

Before I forget it, though, there is one thing I must say, and say it loud and strong. I do pity those folk at Winnipeg Citadel, and Adjutant Acton especially—fondly dropping many "Crys" in one go. Splendid enterprise, ain't it? I certainly shall not transfer there now.

You have not yet said anything to me about continuing my duties; perhaps we could discuss that when you come to see us. I really do think that something will have to be done to stir up matters, especially as the circulation will go "bang" when the Training Garrison closes. What do you think, Mr. Editor, really happens to the customers the dear Cadets make during their Session? Isn't it a lovely Army?

Have you thought anything more about my proposal that I should do some travelling during the summer as soon as it comes? We ought to be quiet, or the job, or else it will be over before we get our plans laid. Then I ought to make sure of getting a car—there are some nice ones used on the corner lot opposite our block. And of course nobody can buy a car—can they? They used to when the Army first started, I know, but let's have gone out of fashion long ago. At least, we will see what the authorities say about this travelling proposal, won't we? At least, they might attach me to our Charlots—to the Chariot staff! I could see to the "Cry" reports—

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am so glad to be able to tell you I have finished up our Self-Denials, and done my District absolutely to the edge of the boudoir right up to the floor of every verandah on the street. It was a bit of a pull climbing so many steps, especially now I'm getting so old, but I managed it. I came with me—she sat in the corner and waited for me until I'd finished, and was a great comfort.

Yours affectionately,

Dorcas Domore

Yes, Mr. Editor, we have some great times, and I am glad to say that when Dorcas and me we're reaching our objective, "that's the new fangled 'target' you know. How have you got along? Don't forget to come in after supper.

Yours very sincerely

Daniel Domore,

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY

New Zealand's No. 1 Corps Keeps its 41st Birthday

The verse "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God led thee" was a fitting keynote to the forty-fifth birthday of the No. 1 Corps of New Zealand, Dunedin City, which occasion, under the leadership of Brigadier Scotten, was celebrated on the exact anniversary date of the opening of the Corps.

On entering the Citadel, suitable reminders of the occasion met the eye. On the front of the speaker's rail appeared two laurel wreaths in which were indications of years "1883" and "1928," whilst between them, in letters of gold, was the motto, "Ebenizer—Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

"Looking round on the almost too peaceful aspect of our labors today," said a writer in the New Zealand "War Cry," "one found it hard to visualize the strenuous opposition which the pioneers met at the beginning. But we were reminded of the fact that in some quarters at any rate, the 'hate of His cause is the same,' when, on Saturday night at the historic Fountain, where the first Open-Air Meeting was held some drunken dupes of Satan, scornfully retaliated on the Brigadier's vigorous denunciation of sin, after which a man sought Christ. Later, at the Citadel another man surrendered to God.

On Sunday, comrades, young and old, revelled in the fight. The day was beautifully fine, in sharp contrast with that

initial day of forty-five years ago, when the "city was covered with a mantle of snow." Sidelines on the early history of the Corps as taken by the Brigadier from the first copy of the "War Cry," made good reading, and clearly showed the spirit that dominated the pioneer Officers and Soldiers.

Even in those distant days a concertina Band and Booming Brigade was formed, which sold two thousand copies of the "War Cry" in the city.

The Veteran's Meeting on Sunday afternoon was quite an historic occasion, and one could not look unmoved on the remnants of that brave hand who "blazed the trail" for later generations of Salvationists. After this Meeting, tea was provided for the veterans, and reminiscences flowed freely around the charmed circle. Family prayers, conducted by the Brigadier concluded the afternoon assembly. This reference affords but a glimpse of the happy occasion.

Expressions of goodwill and congratulations were voiced by the representatives of the surrounding Corps. These are lusty offshoots from Dunedin City and are a credit to the mother Corps. The first Army Convert in New Zealand, who sold the first copy of the "War Cry" was present, and testified to God's saving and keeping grace."



Band Book Tunes and Some of Their Stories

By THE EDITOR (Third Article)

LET us continue our comments on some of the Common Metre tunes of the new Book. (That sounds rather like a pun, but be assured that nothing is further from our thoughts than such a thing.) Our readers will note that we are making haste, and leaving out of our story many of the tunes; it is not because we have nothing to say, but rather that we remind ourselves of our lack of space—and there are so many others which have a fascinating story; at least, we think so.

"The Judgment Day"—What Army Bandsman of the eighties and nineties can ever forget it? How we played and re-played it. Let us think awhile, what's the number of that much abused Band Journal, No. 65 was it not? We know it ran a close favourite for many years with No. 53 and, for bands of a more ambitious temperament—No. 84. But that is ancient history. All this just to say that "Judgment Day" is another of those musical conversions of which The Army can well be proud.

Just a passing word concerning "Winchester Old" (63). This is partly attributed to a Dr. Tye who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. On one occasion that lady sent word to him to say that he was playing out of tune, whereupon the peevish old fellow sent word back to say that "it was the Queen's ears that were out of tune." Anyway, we have heard enough of this particular melody at Christmas time to make us feel that some youngsters have very little tune in their make-up.

We must pause for a line or two to pay our tribute to "Grimsbys" (66) and "I've found the Pearl" (67), both indelibly associated in our minds with our great Founder; each of these tunes owes its Army revival to him. As to their origin we have been unable to discover any data.

"Solemn" and "Secular" tunes jostle one another in the Book. As for instance, "Arms" (71), a tune which dates from about 1768; and "Manchester" (74) which most certainly was a secular air. The first popularity of the latter was associated with the old-time cotton famine out-work song, of 1865-6.

"We've got no work to do, we're all the way from Lancashire, and we've got no work to do."

It may be interesting to say that "Arms" was originally arranged so that during the two lines were sung as a duet by the trebles; then the same lines were taken up by the tenors and bass, and the last two lines sung as a chorus. We do not recommend this treatment now-a-days.

"I'm a Soldier" (75) has been again and again described as a Welsh tune, whereas it is nothing of the sort. It came from the pen of James Ellor, who lived in Droylsden, near Manchester. One day in 1850, he went into a neighbour's workshop, and, flourishing a piece of music paper in his hand, called out, "Look here, lads, what d'ye think o' this?" The men promptly crowded round Ellor and "sold him" the tune over. "That's good, lad," said one, "an' where d'ye get it

from?" "It's out of my own yed, an' it goes to 'Crown Him Lord of all', an' we'll have it next anniversary," said James, all in a breath. Such was the birth of this famous tune.

And for a digression, we wish we had space to tell in full the story of the Lancashire choirmaster, who became involved in a serious domestic entanglement because his wife overheard him discussing the respective merits of "Lydia" (77) and "Mary" (61)! We pass along.

But what a host of Folk-tunes or one-time Secular airs are to be found among these C.M.'s. "Now I can read" (83) is one: "Behold the Saviour"—a notable tune for centuries under the title of "Drink to me only with thine eyes." "Down in the Garden" (90)—originally "Massa's in the cold, cold ground", and on almost ad lib.

That fine old tune "Abridge" (91) is not one of these conversions; it was written by a man of the name of Isaac Smith, who was originally a Quaker; he named it after a little village in Essex, near Epping Forest, where the air first came into being about the year 1761, the year which also dates with it that splendid S.M., "Faded Street" (128). Smith once gave a piece of useful advice to preventers when he suggested they should always use a pitch-pipe, so as to avoid the possibility of shrieking on the high notes or growling on the low ones.

But in spite of a desire to stay longer with the C.M.'s, we must hasten on, except to say that the Editors have done their duty in finding a place for "Bright Crown" (103), a good old Ranter tune which also lives because of our fundamental affection for it. "For you and me—e—what memories!"

Come we now to the D.C.M.'s, and here we will but pause to say that "Bound for Canaan's Shore" (110) is a thoroughly good adaptation for this D.C.M. purpose,

and we suggest meeting-leaders might do worse than use it more often. And how glad we are to see the old favourite of our boy-hood days "Sylvie" (111), which is a French national air, and was written by Hortense, the step-daughter of the great Emperor Napoleon. She was a woman of strange propensities, and of a queer moral turn, but she certainly gave the world a good tune. It ought to be more widely used amongst us.

"Ten thousand souls" (115) was originally sung to the words "Down in a green and shady bower"; in that guise it might never have gone beyond the borders of old England, but now it is one of The Army's international tunes. It was just a little risky of the Editors to style "Victor of Bray" (118) as a D.C.M.—there will be some valiant struggles with it in that form, but we can at least recommend it as an agreeable substitute for "Canaan, bright Canaan" which is stored away at the back of the book (158). But we will not criticise, for we are glad to have it set down now as a real Army Tune to be sung all round the world. "In golden hours of brightest joy."

However, we have a suspicion that we have already over run our limits again, and so let us bring this article to a close by returning to (60) "Miles Lane" which of all tunes has suffered most at the hands of Editors, but which we hope has now certain finality in this splendid world-wide melody.

We confess to a great fondness for this tune ourselves because its author was born within a stone's throw of our own birthplace—a hundred or two years earlier. Shrubsole was organist at the Cathedral at Canterbury, and it is said that Perrotton wrote his famous lines, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name" during his ministry in that city, showed them to Shrubsole, and forthwith this melody was born. It has suffered agonies, we imagine, by some of the ludicrous adaptions; we have heard of one zealous comrade

who actually attempted to sing it to Song 77 in our Army Book. Selah!

There is a funny story told, we think we may pass it on, of a composer who was also an organist. Smart, was his name, and we of The Army will ever be grateful to him for his tune, "Regent Square," (297). In Smart's early days, it is said, it was the custom for the organist to play a few interludic chords between each verse of a hymn. A certain grumbler in the congregation had adversely criticised Smart's accompaniments; he said nothing, but waited his chance.

It came when "Miles Lane" was chosen. He started it in its usual C-flat. All went well. But in the interlude between verse 1 and 2, the organist modulated, very cleverly, into the key of B, and so on verse by verse until he had it set away up into D, if not beyond, until those high notes, so the story goes, must have joined the company of the "lost chord." At all events, the organist effectually silenced his complaining critics.

And the following is not strictly a story of the tune, rather of the song itself, but it has such a moving charm about it, that we take leave to place it here—"Let us crown Him" also, shall we?

The old man was dying, and those that stood around saw his lips moving and they heard him say "Bring."

They gathered a little closer to him, thinking that he wanted water, for his lips were parched, but he shook his head. Then they thought he wanted his wife and they brought her, but again he shook his head.

Next they thought he was asking for his children, and they brought them, but he lifted his hand, as much as to say, "It is not my children that I want."

All the time he was saying, "Bring," "Bring" with fainter and fainter voice. Finally there seemed to come to him a superhuman strength, and raising himself on his pillow, he fell back, with arms outstretched, saying:

"Bring forth the royal dindom,
And crown Him Lord of all."

(To be continued)

Band Music for The Salvation Army.

1st Cornet in B flat,
1st Clarinet in B flat,
Or Solo Baritone or Euphonium.

I'm a happy Soldier.

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

Then awake.

CHOICE. FINE.

Salvation Army, Army of God.

CHOICE. FINE.

Oh, it is glory.

No. II.

Salvation Army, Army of God.

CHOICE. FINE.

Through the Fence of Heaven

SOME time ago there lived in Baltimore an engine-driver whose home was by the railroad, and as he passed in his engine his little girl would run down the yard to see him go.

After a time he knocked off two or three of the rails of the fence, so that she could see him better, and there she would put her little head through and wave until he was out of sight. He never failed to be on the look-out to see her, and she never failed to be at the fence looking for him.

One day, however, on his return journey, he could not see her, and was immediately alarmed, as he knew that something must be wrong at home. As rapidly as he could he hurried home, and was met by his wife at the door with the news that their little girl had been suddenly taken sick, and that the doctors said it was impossible for her to recover.

"Is she still alive?" he asked. "Yes," said the mother, "but very poorly. She told me to give you a message, to say she didn't see you to-morrow, 'cause he isn't coming back.' " "What is it?" he impatiently asked. "She said, 'Tell papa I am going to ask Jesus to take out all sin from his fence and I will watch for him till he comes.' "

And that was how and why that man became a Christian. He dared not think that she might wa

Printed and published at the Head Quarters of The Salvation Army, 161 George Victoria Street, London, S.C., and sent by mail through any Captain or any Governor. Per band of 12, 12s. 6d. or separately, 6d. each score.

The above is a facsimile of the first card of music issued for Army Bands. It is interesting to note that the first tune—"I'm a happy soldier"—is an adaptation of a then popular song—"Rosalie, the prairie flower."

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER



In response to his knock the door opened to reveal a large man of dark and surly appearance.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Captain and Mrs. Bristow arrive early in the morning in Sardis to take charge of The Army Corps there. They pray at the railway station that God will bless them while they are there. They find the Hall and Quarters, and when there comes Mrs. Denny, one of their new Soldiers, and with her a great deal of information about the Corps and the Captain.

One day a girl comes to see the wife of the former Officer. She is greatly distressed, for she says they are no longer there. Captain Bristow takes her upstairs to his wife and leaves them there to talk together, for the girl has said that she is in great trouble.

CHAPTER III

A Distressing Situation

LEAVING the young woman with his wife, Captain Bristow again returns to the little office, and resumed work on his reports. A long time passed before he heard the visitor come downstairs and go out. He found his wife greatly disturbed, and her wide eyes were still wet with tears.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, tenderly. "Is there anything we can do for her? She told me that she is in great trouble."

"I don't know, I'm sure," she returned, wiping her eyes, that is, I don't know just what we can do for her, nor how it will come out. The poor thing has been betrayed and then deserted. She is loyal to him, and will not tell me his name, but he has run away and left her to face it alone. She is beside herself with grief, and shame and terror. Twice she has even gone to the river to end her life, but each time something held her back and restrained her. She is in terrible fear of her father. I told her that you would go to him and try to fix things up with him, but it only seemed to terrify her more. She says he will kill her when he finds out about her trouble. However, before she went away she consented to have you go to him. Here, Allen, is the address of her father; go to him and intercede for her."

Stunned by the Stark Rage

Knowing that the girl would not again go to her home, as she had seen his wife, the Captain lost no time in going to the address that had been given him. He found the house down in the factory district, where so many of the foreigners lived. In response to his knock the door opened to reveal a large man of dark and surly appearance. He granted the Captain a grudging entrance into the house.

Half an hour later he again stood outside the door, dazed and shaken. He had been stunned by the stark, bare rage he had met with inside the house. He had never dreamed that any man could be so bereft of all feelings of tenderness and sympathetic love that he could be the heritage of parenthood. He was lying beside himself with passion. Not only did he refuse to do anything for his daughter, but he threatened her with destruction if she ever dared set her foot near the threshold of his house again. And from curses and abuse hurled at her hapless head he soon passed to abuse and invective against the man who had sought to intercede in her behalf.

It was with a sorrowful and heavy heart that Cap-

tain Bristow made his way back to the quarters. He did not wonder that the poor girl had been afraid to face her father, and he could not help but wonder what would have been the result had she attempted to face him alone with the sorrowful news.

Mrs. Bristow received his report, tearfully and they immediately went into council over the matter.

When the girl came to them early in the evening, as kindly as possible they told her the result of the Captain's visit to her father. But they did not end with that, for they had fixed up a room for her in the quarters, and told her she must not think of going elsewhere, and assured her that they would also make arrangements for her further care.

Thus it came that Helen Ormond came to stay at the Officers' Quarters. Her gratitude was both profound and touching, and as the days went by she took hold of the household tasks in a really capable manner, thus releasing Mrs. Bristow from much outside work that would otherwise have been impossible for her to do. It seemed that the girl could not do enough for the two who had befriended her in her hour of need.

One day, as Mrs. Bristow was going with Mrs. Denny to visit a family who had sickness in their home, as well as deep need, they came to face to face with a man on the main business street of the town. His not unattractive face gave silent witness to the ravaging marks left there by strong drink. At sight of him Mrs. Denny stopped and, turning to Mrs. Bristow, said, "I want you to meet Will Coulter. Will, this is Mrs. Bristow, the wife of the new Captain."

"The Black Sheep of the Family"

Mrs. Bristow reached out an eager hand, a warm light coming into her wide, kind eyes. "I'm awfully glad to meet you," she said, looking as if she meant it. "I have been wanting to know you. You are the brother of our Bandmaster, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, as he took her outstretched hand, "and also the black sheep of the family. I suppose you have heard that, too." His voice was deep and musical but it was pervaded by a bitterness that went straight to the heart of her. It seemed like a deep hurt that rankled and ate at the very heart of him.

"But you know we are none of us white sheep naturally," Brother Coulter, she said quickly. "All that any of us are we owe to the Lord. I'm so glad He came to seek black sheep, and lost sheep, and then He loves them every one. We have not seen you at the Meetings since we came here."

"No, I've not been there lately. I don't think it is of much use for me to come."

"No, Brother Coulter, you must not feel that way!"

She was distressed by a something very like hopelessness that throbbed in his voice. "I'm sure it is of use. We have been looking for you. You will come, won't you?"

"Well, I might," he said, moved in spite of himself, by the warmth of her earnest invitation.

For some time after leaving him the little wife of the Captain could not trust herself to speak. There was something about him—a sense of loneliness, a shrinking dread, she did not know just how to name it, but it made her think of a dog naturally friendly, but who has been ill-treated till it instinctively shinks away. She did so years for the salvation of this man, who seemed not only to have given up hope himself, but to feel that everyone else had given up hope for him. Fortunately she was with Mrs. Denny, and her silence was not noticed, for this good sister poured forth such a voluminous stream of talk that her own silence passed unnoticed.

Loneliness bordering on Tragedy

That night she told the Captain that she had met Will Coulter. Somehow she could not get the man off her mind. There was that indefinable something about him that suggested misery and loneliness bordering on tragedy, and it deeply touched her gentle heart.

"I do not know when I have met anyone who has made such an impression on me as he has. Oh, I would so love to see him saved and brought to God! As soon as I met him he lost no time in telling me that he is the black sheep of the family, and from the way he told me I felt that he knew that I had already been told the same thing by others before I met him. I do not want to feel that I must leave Sardis without seeing him again in the fold."

"Yes," answered the Captain, earnestly; "we must do everything in our power for him, and not for him only, but for many other backsliders, too. I have found so many of them as I have gone about Sardis. These people used to be in our ranks. I think I feel toward them with a greater tenderness than I do toward those who have never been part and parcel with us. I often wonder if someone had gone after them when they first dropped out, if we would not have them with us still. We must certainly go after them and try to win them back."

They had written and made arrangements for Helen Ormond to enter The Army Hospital in a nearby city, and not long after this she left them. They missed her in the home, for they had grown used to her quiet ways and the efficient manner in which she had taken hold of the household duties. Before she left they had

made it clear to her that they expected her to return to them again. The poor girl now had no place she could call home, except that which they offered her, and they gave her to understand that they needed her just as much as she needed them.

They found a great deal to do as the days went by. There was considerable sickness and destitution in Sardis, and they started, too, a systematic visitation of the homes of people who had been Soldiers, and succeeded in getting many of them to start attending the Meetings again, and not a few of these were reclaimed and took their places in the Corps once more. They were very happy in their work, and they found a sweet fellowship with the Soldiers of the Corps, who soon learned to love their new Officers, and to esteem them very highly for their work's sake.

Among those who started attending the Meetings was Will Coulter. But he did not again make a start in his Christian warfare. Both the Captain and Mrs. Bristow dealt with him in the Meetings, but they did not urge the matter too strongly lest they should drive him away. But the more they knew him the greater became their concern for his salvation, and seldom did they pray that his name was not on their lips at the Throne of Grace. A gracious spirit of revival broke out in the Corps, and so the summer slipped quietly into autumn, and almost before they knew it the early days of Winter were at hand.

Possibilities of a Strike

With the approach of winter a spirit of unrest and foreboding hung over Sardis. It was a factory town, and most of the people living there were dependent upon the factories for their livelihood. With the end of October the wage agreement between the operators and the employees expired, and there were many rumors of impending trouble, with possibilities of a strike. As Captain and Mrs. Bristow went about their work among the people they felt this spirit of uneasiness very much, and it cast its shadow over them. They knew that if a strike came during the winter months it would mean a great deal of distress and suffering among the very poor. If a strike came it would mean a much greater demand upon them, with less money coming in to meet the increased need. As the October days sped away the tension grew, and feeling ran high all through the town. As they faced the situation the young Captain and his wife had many earnest talks, and out of these talks came a number of plans to try to meet the greater demand upon their resources if the strike came.

One day, shortly after, they returned to the Quarters following some visitation in the district bordering the railroad and the river. They had not been long in the Quarters before they heard the sound of heavy foot-steps ascending the stairs. A few moments later someone knocked on the door. The Captain opened it to be faced by a large man wearing the blue uniform of a policeman.

"Good-day to you," said the policeman who faced Captain Bristow through the opened door.

"How do you do?" returned the Captain, warmly, shaking hands with him.

"My name is O'Donnell—Officer O'Donnell"—explained the visitor.

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. O'Donnell; won't you come in? Is there anything we can do for you?"

Officer O'Donnell stepped in and seated himself on the chair Captain Bristow pointed out for him. He seemed rather ill at ease, and restlessly turned his cap in his hands. He appeared to be seeking some way to unbind himself, for evidently speech did not come to him readily.

"Do you Find Folks, Now?"

"I've been told that you find folks; do you, now?" he began. It was very evident that he was a man who was not much given to talk.

"Find folks?" The Captain was at a loss to understand just what the big man meant, and as he echoed the question he had been asked his lack of understanding showed itself in his voice.

"Yes; find folks; you know, people whose family or friends have lost trace of them; I've been told you help to find them."

"Oh, I see!" as the Captain grasped his meaning. "You mean through our 'Missing Persons Department.' Yes, we do something along that line, and I believe that we have been successful in a surprising number of cases. Do you want us to try to find somebody?"

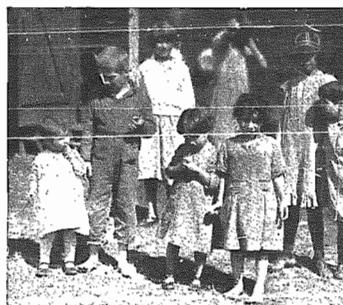
"Yes, that I do, Danny, my boy." Only as he said it, it sounded more like 'me boy.' "It is nearly five months since he went away. I have written to every place I can think of where he might be, but he's at none of them. It's breaking my heart, it is, not to know where he is."

"Well, I'll advise you for him in The War Cry. But, of course, you must understand that not every case is successful. There is so much to take into consideration. The world is a pretty big place; they may go very far; there is always the possibility of a change in name and appearance. But if you wish us to do so we will try for you."

"Well, I wish you would, then. It's true you may not find him for me, but I'd like for you to have a try anyhow."

(To be continued)

Back Lanes and Garbage-Lined Yards to Lakeside Joy



We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, bring them home again. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (3.00) extra.

2010—William Harrer Hewitt, Age 32, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair, fair complexion. Was living in Holland, Man. Father, Anglican minister. Friend inquiring.

1958—Priscilla John McKenzie. Fair, brown eyes, for some time was in Home for the Friendless, Winnipeg. Age 14. Mother anxious to locate.

2003—Albrecht Albinus Jensen. Medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, working for farmers. Age 25. Last heard of at Atayot, B.C. Father anxiously inquires.

1968—Thomas Upton Smyth. Age 40, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair and eyes, native of Grumlin Co., Anticline. Has limp. Missing 7 years.

2070—Lars Kruse, Age 35, height 6 ft., weight 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Norway. Last heard from in Vancouver. Brother desires to locate.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. Ps. 37: 25.

2065—Peter Olofsson Berglund. Age 61, missing since 1913. Brother anxiously inquires.

1977—Isaac A. Hutchinson. Last heard of in Vancouver when he returned there after the War. He lived at Prince Rupert before going overseas. Age 47 years. Should this meet the eye please communicate — sister very anxious to hear from him.

2031—Frank Frederick Winter, Corporal No. 81051. Age 35, height 5 ft. 6 1/2 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native Nottingham, England. Late Canadian Army. Wife anxiously inquires.



N.B.—The Saturday night programme will be broadcasted over C.K.Y. (Winnipeg), and by special arrangement with the James Richardson station at Yorkton, Sask., will be relayed from there. Comrades and friends in Manitoba and Saskatchewan—and parts of Alberta—will thus have an opportunity of sharing in the delights of the evening.

The Army's Fresh Air Camps will shortly be the Mecca for hundreds of poor mothers and children. Oh, what a time of rejoicing that will be!

Think what it means to the worn out, nerve-tried mother of a large family to move with her children from that hot, reeking tenement building situated in the midst of dusty city streets to the cooling, invigorating breezes at a lakeside.

Cannot you picture the little ones, often poorly fed and clad, playing around in back lanes and garbage-lined yards? Transport them for a week or two to the Camp with its wonderful delights and then note the change. Oh, boy—Oh, joy. How glorious!

Now, honestly, wouldn't you like to feel that you had a hand in this business of bringing gladness and health to the "least of these?" You may—the privilege and pleasure are yours.

Your contribution will be gratefully and gladly received on behalf of the Fresh Air Camp Fund by Lt.-Commissioner Chas. T. Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Make out your cheque today!



2025—Eric Torster Svensson. Posten Nansen, Parish, Kristianstad, Län, Sweden, the 4th of December, 1907. Came to Nelson, B.C. in 1924. Brother in U.S.A. Last heard of in 1925.

2023—Mrs. Alice Whitehead nee Alice Jones, Age 56, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair and eyes Native of High Hebbington, Birkenhead. Brought to Canada with her husband in 1923. Now in Canada probably Alberta—Calgary. Sister inquires.

2045—John Victor McCauley. Age 27, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, hazel eyes, tan complexion. Born in Toronto. When last heard of in Coney Island, New York. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts please communicate at once.

1735—Albert or Andrew Anderson. Born in Sweden. Height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. No news of age. Was in Aberdeen, U.S.A., 1924. Any news will be gratefully received by O. Osthues, Calg. Robertson, Calgary.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Prov. 27: 1.

1926—Sigfried Faehn. Age 18, height 5 ft., dark brown hair, yellow grey eyes, medium height, missing since August 1927. Last known address Moose Jaw, Sask. White hairless, eyes on head.

2035—Neil Eugene Wilson. Last heard of at Dartford, Man., in August, 1926. Last heard of 5 ft. 10 in., dark complexion, dark eyes. Last extremely anxious for news.

2024—Jens Hansen Christensen. Age 60, born in village of Marie Magdalene, Russia. Last heard at Hartney, Man. Brother's sonies.

2023—Albert Franklyn. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, blue eyes, last heard from at Hartney. Sister inquires.

Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I have set aside for myself a people, and set them apart for myself. As a Shepherd setteth aside his flock on the day that he is among his sheep, so I will set apart: . . . I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken. These words were recorded by the Prophet Ezekiel—Chapter 34, 11-16. They are true today, so that it can well be said

God is Looking For You

The Great Commissioning Week-end

L.T. COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

With the Staff and Cadets of the Territorial Training Garrison

SATURDAY, SUNDAY and MONDAY, JUNE 23rd to 25th inclusive.

IN THE

WINNIPEG RINK (Portage and Langside)

SATURDAY—8 p.m. . . . FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND SONG WITH TABLEAUX ILLUSTRATION: S
SUNDAY—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m. . . . "A DAY OF SALVATION"

MONDAY—3 p.m. . . . A SOLEMN SERVICE OF DEDICATION
MONDAY—8 p.m. . . . COMMISSIONING AND APPOINTING OF CADETS

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